

## In the Wake of the Attacks

BY EDWARD ROBBIN

### I. Jerusalem

I LIVE in Zichron Moshe. There are several rooms opening on a court and a stairway leading up to the porch of the second story. My door opens on the lower court. My neighbors downstairs are a Russian family, who keep a *pension* just next door to my room. Upstairs lives a very poor University instructor who has five kids and a sixth coming. The instructor is thin, lank and consumptive-looking, while his wife is a stout, red-faced, untroubled woman about whom the children climb and crawl without bothering her any more than flies in his eyes bother an Arab infant. Then there's a very absentminded old man, the father of the instructor, who sits about on the fences in the neighborhood with a book in his hand or goes walking with the troop of children, answering their ceaseless questions with soft patience. Across from our house, on the other side of a large empty lot, is the new Straus Health Center. Just below us is the Mea Shearim quarter.

On Friday evening the mingled voices of many families greeting the Sabbath would reach me, the bright, sharp, ringing voices of children and the deeper leading voices of the elders. And on Friday night at precisely two o'clock a chant would wander up and down the dark alleys and lanes of the quarter, a deep-voiced sad song that moved through the darkness of the middle night like some strange lament of old times. I would stumble through the dark lanes listening for the voice and trying to hear it. When it would seem to me that I must be quite close, the voice would appear again uncannily in the distance and I would hurry after it in a new direction. At last I would hear a heavy-footed stumping and the beating of a stick on the pavement, and I would find myself back of an old man who, bent forward, his black beard half covering his face, his tired feet falling one before the other unhaltingly, moved up and down the deserted ghetto streets as remorselessly as the night moved toward the day. As he passed me he murmured "*Shabat Shalom*," his glance passing me without the slightest curiosity, and then though I followed him closely through all his peregrinations, he would seem neither to hear me nor to notice me. At every street corner he would stop, turn his head up and repeat, in a low-voiced sad lament

that sank into the night and echoed there like the falling of a large stone into a deep well, some homely words half in Hebrew, half in Yiddish, calling Jews to serve their Maker.

Get up, get up, you lazy ones  
Why do you sleep?  
The lion is on the hilltop  
The gazelle in the valley—  
Arise and serve the Maker  
Get up, get up, why do you sleep?

And soon in his tracks there would be a shuffling and a murmur and dark figures would be moving and muttering in the lanes. And through the lighted windows you would hear the drowsy praying chant of the worshipers, while outside in the distance the rolling words:

Get up, get up, you lazy ones  
Why do you sleep—

would fade and appear like an early star receding, then shining brightly through the night.

This is what the Mea Shearim quarter recalls to me. And below Mea Shearim lies the Bukharin quarter, a gray cluster of houses on the outskirts of the city with a wide road running down the middle of it. Of the Bukharin quarter I recall how once I chanced into a house where there was a wedding.

So strangely colorful a scene I would hardly have imagined outside of an illustration of Grimm's fairy tales; for see, the table was loaded with delicacies, with fruits, dates and plums and peaches and figs and heaps of pastries and nuts. And about it were seated the guests dressed in varicolored garments, garments of red, yellow and green patches, the women's heads bound with silk shawls. And all about the table dancers moved to the strange beating on drums and timbrels. In the kitchen women were squatting on the floor preparing a heap of chickens which they were about to roast, and there were great platters of foods and silver flagons of wine.

And beyond the Bukharin quarter spread a valley and then the yellow hills of Mount Scopus and Mount Olive whose yellow slopes border Jerusalem.

ON Friday, August 23, I had no suspicion of immediate trouble. It is true that I had heard the night before that the Arabs were coming in from the villages, and I had seen the buses packed with Arabs coming into the city. Then, too, the atmosphere had been tense since the killing of the boy in the Bukharin quarter, and the subsequent routing of the funeral procession by the police.



On Friday at about noon, as I was having my lunch, I heard the pattering of running feet. Then I heard my neighbors rushing into the courtyard and on to the upper porch, shouting and questioning one another. I ran out and looked to where they pointed. Way down in the wide road of the Bukharin quarter large crowds of people could be seen running towards the outskirts of the city and waving their arms wildly.

And all about us people were running down toward the quarter. On the upper balcony the wife of the instructor was standing at her doorway with three of her brood holding to her skirts while the instructor himself was rushing up and down the porch holding one child under each arm, sweating, excited, and shouting down to the crowd with all his might:

"Don't make a panic! Where are you running to? Walk! That's the important thing! Don't make a panic!"

"What's wrong? What's happened?"

"They say there's another murder in the Bukharin quarter!"

I hurried out into the street. Suddenly young fellows grabbing up bars and sticks and rocks, anything that came to hand, rushed out of every street and alley toward the Bukharin quarter. On the balcony of a house a Jew with a *yarmelke* pointed to a pile of iron rods used for reinforcing concrete and cried into the street:

"The Arabs are killing the Jews. Take one of these bars. Arm yourselves. Protect your wives and children."

I took a bar for myself and hurried with the crowd. The main street of Mea Shearim was filled with bands of men, youngsters to graybeards, all armed with the crudest implements—whatever they had been able to pick up around the house. One tall skinny Jew with a *yarmelke* aslant over white bandages on his forehead, and a fierce determination on his yellow face, hurried down the street with a band back of him who seemed to have caught his flame. As he came down, the head of the archaeology department of the University was contemptuously telling a crowd to be quiet and find out what had happened before they started a panic.

"Yes, be quiet," said the *yarmelked* Jew, "until they have murdered your children. Then you'll believe. This is what I got."

He pointed to his head.

Then he rushed down toward Mea Shearim followed by the crowd.

THE balconies of the narrow dirty streets of the market were packed with people screaming into the street. Through the gratings of the window were pressed white pasty faces, with *payoth* stringing on either side of their cheeks. Crowds rushed about all the streets and alleyways. A cry would come from some little lane and the whole mob would pour into that direction foaming, then another cry from an opposite direction and immediately they



would pour back again. I rushed with the crowd up one alleyway and down another, into courtyards and lanes where frightened Jews with their long robes flying after them scattered like mice into the labyrinth of doorways. . .

Bit by bit a kind of order was established among us. A half-dozen young fellows had taken the leadership. They forbade any running. Bands were stationed in every part of the quarter and signals agreed on.

Both the attack on Mea Shearim and that on the Bukharin quarter had been beaten back before I arrived. The Arabs had been driven into the hills and outlying districts, which we could see from the small mount on which I was stationed. The man I had seen with the bandaged head was the tailor of Mea Shearim who, when hundreds of Arabs had broken into the narrow streets of the quarter and the Jews were fleeing, had seized a cudgel and thrown himself upon the attackers, whereupon others had followed him and together with several policemen who arrived at that moment had beat back the raiders.

In the meantime there was a rumor of an attack on Jaffa road and some of us went up. By the time I got to Jaffa road that attack, too, had been beaten back and the police were in the street. News of attacks in different quarters flew from mouth to mouth.

"They've just driven them from the Bukharin quarter."

"Two Jews were killed at Jaffa gate."

"A Jewish driver was shot."

"They say Talpioth is being attacked."

"And Rommemma."

I went by the Hadassah. A crowd was standing around the gateway. As I came up an automobile dashed to the gate and a young fellow was helped out by two comrades. He was groaning loudly and his eyes were wild and glazed. His shirt was all bloody in back.

"He got it at Shar Shechem. He's one of the *Haganah* [Self-Defense]."

There was a painful silence in the crowd. I felt the gnawing pain in my own heart which all of them must have felt, and a kind of nausea at my inaction. I turned and hurried off, but wherever I came I was too late; the attack had already been repulsed and there was nothing left but rumor and excitement. Here shots had just been fired into a crowd of Jews from a speeding auto. Here some Arabs had been caught prowling about and been killed. Here a Jew had fallen from a shot from a window.

The word was passed to meet in the synagogue at night. That night I stole through the streets to the synagogue. This Friday night no song greeted the Sabbath from Mea Shearim. Yes, down there I heard a few weak children's voices. But tonight would the old man still make his rounds and roll out in his deep voice?

"Get up, get up, you lazy ones—"

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but we must see them in true perspective. One may now date textbooks of ancient history by the space they allot to the Peloponnesian War. In the older books it is the central fact of ancient history, but as earlier times and older lands come into the historian's ken the comparatively parochial struggle dwindles in importance; the recent excellent text of Professor Rostovtzeff dismisses it in two pages.

A word must be said for the splendid and numerous plates in Mr. Woolley's book, which make the moderate price all the more surprising. A short bibliography should have been added for those whose interest must certainly be awakened by the book.

### Bargain Day

THE STREET OF CHAINS. By Lilian Lauferty. Harper and Bros. \$2.50.

*Reviewed by S. GUY ENDORÉ*

HERE in one volume we have a war novel, a three-generation novel, a melting-pot novel, a pomp and circumstance of the Jew novel, an up from the ghetto novel, a miscegenation novel, a feminist novel and a God-only-knows-what-else novel. Here, within a scant 50,000 words, we have not only ample use of symbolism, we have also the story of a young girl making a success in business, we have heredity versus something or other, we have intermarriage condemned and intermarriage approved of, we have an aeroplane death and a romance on ship-board, we have even a Boston interlude in which a Jewess attempts marriage with a Back Bay Mayflower New Englander. And a party in Paris, a war-bride, some adultery, and the sinking of the Titanic.

All this is dished up with an evident

desire to add a sauce of modernism to the author's native advertising style, and a dash of subtle psychology to the author's native triteness; but in spite of all advanced modernisms there is a clean wholesome love story running through it and rising victorious in the end with a double clinch fadeout. After all, Miss Lauferty is not Miss Beatrice Fairfax six days a week for nothing.

The following quotation illustrates by no means the worst copy-writing to be found in the book. It has appeared before in an Altman or Macy ad.

Carlie danced away from the telephone with blue eyes glowing and soft cheeks touched with faint pink; happiness gave her beauty in her quaint little peasant frock of gray with blue buttons. Carlie had made the dress for herself during some of the long evenings when the absurdity of trying to be a sculptor was most painfully in evidence. It was cut after the one pattern she could manage, with tight basque, full skirt and square neck; it had no sleeves and it showed Carlie's round white arms as well as her slim throat. Her gayety and color and tossing black curls made her look very much like a little girl, and made Stephen Harkness's heart do a nose-dive when he came out to the dining room which Carlie was decorating with yellow tulle and a handful of tulips and daffodils that had come to brave the winds of March with Beauty and to take her lunch money for a week to come.

Carlie tossed Steve the careless "Hello" of indifferent welcome that was the best she ever gave him. He answered in kind, then handed her a great box of roses and sweet peas and jonquils and ferns. "And this for good measure," he said.

We'll say nothing of the bad grammar. But those sleeves that not only showed Carlie's round, white arms but her neck as well, and those daffodils that took away the lunch money from March, are impressive. And so of course is the author's overelaborated and oh! so original moral that the Street of Chains—that is, the ghetto—is not outside of us, but within us.



## In the Wake of the Attacks

(Continued from page 237)

The synagogue was crowded with young fellows. But only a very small group, evidently those in the organized *Haganah*, were taken into the conference. The rest of us were dismissed.

WHEN I got home the neighbors were gathered in the courtyard looking out anxiously toward the road below and the dark hills. They were all very excited and frightened. My landlady's face had grown quite puffy and white, and her husband, a weak, broken man (a former bank clerk in Russia, who, now as he waited on the tables of his small *pension*, continually contrasted his present poverty with the good days when he held a position in a bank), his head a little more bent than usual, asked me as I came into the courtyard, "Well, what, what news—?"

I went into my room and tried to divert my mind by doing some mechanical work, but I could not quite escape the terror of the thoughts that intruded themselves into my gloomy shadowy cellar-room. I could not help looking fearfully at the upper windows, which opened on a garden on a level above my room and from which a revolver might be pointing down at me. And even as I worked my mind furtively glanced about the room, wondering how I could barricade the room, if the need arose. Windows on all sides and here double doors. It would be quite impossible, and if they came, I saw myself standing at the door with my iron bar in my hands felling the invaders till they lay in great heaps in the doorway, or I saw myself lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

Just then the sharp *tack-tack-tack* of repeated shots in the distance. I went out into the court and stood with the others lis-

tening to the shots and their reverberations in the hills. Where were they from? Seemingly the direction of Ataroth, which lay way out among the far hills. I remembered having passed through the settlement once on a hike with some boys to the Dead Sea. Through Ataroth we had gone and then across the barren waste of shadowless hills, through the very Arab villages which were at this moment falling on the Jewish colony. *Tack-tack-tack* the shots continued, and after each shot the hills threw out a long, whizzing answer. The landlord's son stood by me at the window, a large hulky fellow, half-blind, with a flat, wide-nostrilled nose.

"Those shots are from that direction," he commented, "and they're shooting away from us. I can tell. You see in our town in Russia. . . ."

His endless tales about what had happened to him in Russia continued all through the following week. Whatever calamity the country suffered he matched immediately with a similar and much more horrible occurrence in his past.

WHEN I went out the next morning the first thing I saw was a number of buses at the Lemel School, unloading women and children and barracking them in the school.

"Where are they from?" I asked.

"From Ataroth. They were attacked last night by the village Colonia. One of the women just told me that a wounded Arab confessed that some of the leaders had come down and given them two packages of cigarettes apiece to attack the village. The men are still there defending the place. That's why the women are so excited."

The streets were more grim-looking this morning but not so panicky. Everyone was

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armed, as the day before, with clubs or bars. But they were not rushing about. Rather they walked about the streets watchful and strained, picking up bits of news from one another.

"The *Haganah* is at work," I was assured. "Don't go down to Jaffa Road, though, for the police are there, and they'll take away your bar."

I walked up to the Hadassah. There were crowds gathered in the street in front of the building. People were too nervous and anxious to stay at home and they did not know what to do to help, so they came to the Hadassah and there they would stand all day long watching the ambulances bringing in the wounded. As I came up, the crowd rushed down to the side of the building where an ambulance had just stationed itself alongside the morgue. Four bodies were carried out and shoved into the car. The feet were bare and I saw that they were yellow and caloused, a kind of greenish yellow.

"They buried most of them during the night," said someone. "These are only the few that remained."

On Jaffa Road crowds were gathered at the street corners. Nerves were taut and the slightest rumor set them aflame.

"They say there's an attack on Shaare Hasad."

And at once the crowd turned up the street, cutting through courtyards and empty lots to Shaare Hasad. All the streets cutting into Jaffa Road were blockaded, as were the corners of the main road itself. About an hour before, an Arab car had sped down the street shooting into the crowds.

Now that the attack on Jerusalem had been repulsed there were rumors of raids on the suburbs and surrounding colonies: Talpioth, Bait Vogan, Beth Hakarem, all the beautiful residential suburbs.

Then the news of Motza and the horrible murder of the Makleff family. I heard it from Broser, the rugged old settler forty years in the colony, whose house was attacked and burnt to the ground. He himself was arrested a few days later on the charge of murder and let out on five hundred pounds bail.

"The mother ran out of the house screaming, the daughter leaped from the balcony and they fell on them outside. Six they murdered in that house, six," he said sobbing.

In front of the hospital the lists of the dead and wounded were being posted. Someone read the names aloud so that those in back of the crushed, waiting crowd could hear.

Ben Shimon

Joseph Ruttenberg

Yehudah Ruttenberg

And the crowd listened tensely to the reading. Every minute some voice would break in sharply, recognizing a friend or relative.

As I went home I saw people gathered again in the Mea Shearim, shouting and excited. I hurried to see what was wrong. In the midst of about thirty or forty Jews was an Arab, who had been caught sneaking through the neighborhood.

"He's a spy. What was he sneaking around for?"

"Kill him! Why are you waiting! Do you know what they did in Motza, at Shaare Shechem. Kill him!"

"Turn him over to the police. What are we, Arabs, that we should murder as they do?"

They argued back and forth bitterly, dragging the whimpering *fellah* about, and fighting with one another for him. He was bleeding at the head, where someone had given him a blow. An old Jew, his eyes bloodshot, leaped forward back of the Arab and beat his head with his fists and the Arab screamed horribly. . . . Up to this moment I myself had felt that I would bash the head of any Arab I saw, but this scene so nauseated me that I turned away. Several young fellows dragged the Arab into a nearby house, where they stationed one man at the door and locked it. And outside, the mob, deprived of a partial vengeance, cried for its victim.

THEN like a bolt came the news from Hebron. The rumor was whispered in the streets at first. It was too terrible to speak out. Hebron, Hebron was on everybody's lips. The Yeshivah, Slonim's house,



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Rabbi Kastel, the horror ran through all the city like a shiver of terror. It grew and spread as the details came out, grew into a crying rage which each person held in his heart and on account of which he did not dare to look into his comrade's face. Crowds gathered at the hospital and waited there hours for the wounded to be brought from Hebron. The authorities ordered that they be transported in the dead of night when the street would be empty. Then two nights later the women and children refugees were transported in buses. They brought them to the new Straus building which was just opposite my house. (This then would be the opening of the new building.)

*Mon* That night I waited together with relatives of the Hebronites, who as yet did not know whether their dear ones were alive or not. Suddenly the headlights of the buses veered across the great open space before the building. There was a stifled cry from the crowd.

And then as the buses stopped, a muffled hysterical crying, shouting, screaming. Half-crazed women leaped from the autos, clutching their children tightly and moaning. Those who saw their kin flung themselves on them in outbursts of hysterical laughter and weeping. One little old woman had jumped out of the auto and started to run about silently among the crowd searching and whispering, "My children, have you seen my children?" She disappeared for a moment and then suddenly appeared again within a high wall that fenced in the yard to the building. She was running up and back along the wall crying and begging softly, "How shall I get out? How shall I get out and find my children? Dear one, help me to get out."

I jumped over the wall and she clung to me. "Oh, help me, my good boy, help me."

But there was no way to get out except to climb over the wall. And before I could help her she had clambered onto the wall herself and leaped to the ground on the other side, where she ran off into the crowd, again whispering, "My children, have you seen my children?"

The refugees spread themselves out on the

floor of a large empty hall. The big empty building resounded with the terror-stricken cries of hysterical women and children. In the big eyes of a child who had dropped exhausted on the platform of the hall I could read the ghastly bloody scenes those eyes had witnessed.

**W**HEN I got home my landlady said: "How strange things turn out. Did you see the table I sent over to the Hebron refugees?"

"This is its history. In Russia we had a big box which we kept in the cellar to pack things in. Once there was a rumor of a pogrom in our town, so we hid the children in that box and covered it up. But the *pogromchicks* somehow skipped our town. Afterwards when we were compelled to leave Russia I had a trunk made out of the box. Then it stood around here useless for a few years. And at last I said to myself, why should I have this thing in my way, so I told Misha to break it up. Now the boards have been lying around all winter in the yard, and I intended to make a few baths for the family with them some Friday. But then it came to me the other day to have a table made from them. I called the carpenter and he made me a table. And tonight they sent from the Straus Center for a table and I gave them that table. It seems as if it was the fate of those boards from the very beginning to help pogrom victims."

The shooting continued through the following nights. Every day new refugees poured into Jerusalem. Hundreds of them clamored for food at the Straus Center every day. All the drift of the old city, all the hundreds of professional beggars, all the human sewage came to the surface. And this professional riff-raff shouted so loudly for help and seized the offered relief so swiftly that it was very difficult to get help to the less forward refugee.

Slowly the city quieted down. Shootings or knifings here and there, alarms of reat-tack, but the troops had come and there was a return to comparative security.

It was as if a horrible gulf had opened and



swallowed in fire and smoke a section of the people by our sides and then as suddenly closed, leaving a stench and threat and curling smoke on the horizon, the crying of the wounded, the wailing of the bereaved and the dead gaps of deserted quarters and settlements.

And who can say when the gulf will open again?

## II. The Return to Hebron

**I**N the early morning we gathered together and packed into sixteen auto buses. I am with a convoy of Hebron refugees who are returning to their homes to bring the remnant of their possessions to Jerusalem. The day is Sunday, September 15, not three weeks after the massacres.

A few English soldiers are in our car. They are Welshmen, talk a broad tonguey dialect that is difficult to follow—young lads with wide coarse faces, thick stubby hands and spaces between their teeth. A little old Jew with a thin gray beard, pink-veined cheeks, and bright pure eyes is sitting opposite me. One soldier is sitting on the back step and the old man is holding the soldier's rifle timidly and nervously. Nevertheless, I noticed him examining it carefully. Here, he is thinking, you pull the trigger, and what do you do with this, what do you do with this? He looked to the English soldier, but was afraid to ask.

We are riding through a waste of hills that spreads far below us to the Dead Sea. Beyond the Dead Sea the blue wall of Moab stands like a menace. Only a week before the trouble I had taken this same ride to Hebron, and these hills had seemed to me then so deathly still that a flock of sheep crawling up a distant rocky slope looked like a swarm of insects feeding on the limb of a great dead beast. But now the same gray rocks seemed to squirm with life. I felt behind every rock, in every crevice, a space where an ambush might lurk—over every hilltop a huddled Arab village that might be bought for cigarettes to heap destruction on our growing fruit.

I am with Abraham Slonim, his wife and his daughter. Slonim is a relative of the Chief Rabbi of Hebron. He has a scrubby black beard rubbed with gray. His face is all screwed up around his half-shut eyes. One eye has a white spot in it, the other is watery. His wife is a healthy woman with clear eyes that cloud with sudden anger and quickly shine again with kindness. Before the autos started she had climbed from one auto to the other dragging her empty suitcases after her. Slonim went from group to group consulting, arranging, his hat slightly tilted on his head.

"What are you running for?" his wife cried as she was changing autos for the third time. "Come help me down! Get in the auto with me! You'll be left! Get in!"

"Not this auto, not this one!" shouted Slonim, pushing her before him.

When we finally were on the road his wife took his arm in her hands and settled back with the tender expression in her eyes. Slonim sat with his shoulders slightly crumpled, murmuring, "What the devils could do. I was fifty years with them. What the devils could do."

"Shhh, be glad that we're alive, and don't talk any more."

The car was stalled for a while on the road. The English got off, climbed into a neighboring vineyard, filled their helmets with grapes, and passed them around the company. We began to eat the warm, sticky grapes.

One of the Yeshivah boys refused the grapes.

"May the earth swallow the Arabs and their grapes together," he said, and walked off.

"He's right," someone said, and the rest of us put the grapes back into the English helmet. The English turned to me for an explanation.

"They're too sticky," I said—I wanted to add: like blood.

We continued our way. Suddenly Hebron burst into view, surrounded by far-stretching vineyards and orchards of fig, olive and pomegranate trees. Like a princess on a high throne with long scarfs of varied green



draping from her shoulders down steep steps, sat Hebron.

THERE was growing excitement among the refugees as we drew into the town. We passed a long low building with a British flag flying over it. I was told that this was the Government House. A little farther up the street one of the women cried to me, "The Yeshivah, the Yeshivah!" While the car stopped to wait for the others, I jumped off and went through the courtyard to the Yeshivah.

The windows were broken. The floor was scattered with rocks and all the stands and benches were thrown about. Near the window and just outside the door were large blood-stains. One of the rocks on the floor was stained with blood. This was possibly the first rock that struck the unfortunate *Mathmid* Rosenholtz, who was the first one in Hebron to be murdered. I could see how he must have run about the room like a caged beast, while they flung rocks in from all the windows, until shrieking and bleeding he ran out among them and was murdered.

Only a few weeks before I had come here with a girl to visit the Yeshivah. A little old *bobbe*, the wife of the man who founded the Yeshivah, was sitting in front of the door. "Go in, go in, they're all *tsadikim*," she had said to me. And to the girl, "Are you from America? We must find rich *shiddachs* for them, rich girls from America with gold rings on their fingers, so the *tsadikim* can study. Go in, go in."

And here, just where the little old lady's feet were placed, was the blood of the *Mathmid* Rosenholtz, one of the *tsadikim* who might have married an American girl with gold rings on her fingers.

As the car passed slowly up the street there were cries from the refugees.

"Here, here, what they did, what they did!"

"There is the *shochet's* house. I saw how they caught him in the road when he ran out of a back-door. They put out his eyes, they cut his throat, they stabbed and stabbed as if they couldn't have enough of blood."

"This is where I was saved," one young boy told me, pointing to a house. "There were fifty of us gathered together. The Arab house-owner hid us. His brother stood by the door with an ax ready to defend us. Even among barbarians there is pity."

"From there a pregnant woman jumped from the roof. She gave birth to the baby right away. Is it true that it's alive?"

THE autos all collected in front of the police station. The refugees ran about the courtyard calling to one another, to the chauffeurs, to their womenfolk. Slonim ran to and fro. Every few seconds he would come running back to the auto.

"Be ready, be ready!" he cried to us; "be ready!" he shouted to the driver and ran off again. And Mrs. Slonim got off the machine and was pushed back on again, pulling her suitcases after her. At last the escorts were allotted and the autos dispersed to the several parts of the town.

Slonim lived in the heart of the Arab section. Our auto wound through the lanes of Arab shops where the Arabs squatted, watching us out of the corners of their eyes. We climbed the steep stairs of Slonim's house. He and his family had been saved by their Arab landlord and their household was untouched. We bundled up mattresses and feather bedding, took apart beds, hurriedly carried the things downstairs where we piled them on the bus. I tried to help Slonim's wife pack the kitchen things, the cheeses, jams, plates and copperware.

"No, no, go away. Each person knows her own house. Go away."

The Arabs squatting about in front of their shops watched us intently and silently. One large Arab came up to speak to Slonim and Slonim met him with great friendliness. They spoke for some time and parted warmly.

I NOTICED the English police officer, the herofied Cafferato, hobbling down the street on crutches. He had accidentally put a bullet into his own foot. Just then a Paramount news-reel man came through the ghetto.



"Are you Mr. Cafferato?"

"Yes."

"You're the hero they're all writing about. Well, we must have a snap of you."

Cafferato shied and hopped about on his crutch. His little blonde mustache twitched with pleasure.

"Really it isn't necessary. Realllly nowww— Well, where do you want me to stand?"

"Here, walk up from under that arch and stop just here."

Cafferato did the stunt, leaning heavily on his crutches and smiling brightly into the camera.

"Now, Mr. Cafferato," said the big cameraman when he had wound a few feet of film, "tell me how many did you kill?"

"Well now, that's a thing that I really can't say, you know."

"Approximately?"

"Really, I can't tell," said Cafferato, fussed.

"The newspaper said about forty. Is that right, Mr. Cafferato?"

"No, no, no, that's an exaggeration. I should say that I had killed about eight or ten and wounded fifteen to twenty. Hope I didn't break the camera," says Mr. Cafferato, and hobbles away.

And at what time did you appear in the streets, Mr. Cafferato? I wanted to ask, for as far as we know you appeared only after the slaughter had been done, and as far as we know you did not lift your hand to prevent the slaughter until you yourself were attacked.

**I** FOLLOWED the cameraman to the ghetto. We walked through a long dark stone nave. In the caves on either side were Arab shops. We turned suddenly and climbed through a hole in the wall. Here was a labyrinth of houses. Courts, stairways, arches, lanes, broken walls, rooms on all levels above and below, crammed and heaped into a small space. This was the ghetto. We wandered about up and down steep stairways on roofs and through tortuous passageways, from one empty room to the

next. Everything had been looted and broken, scattered and spilt.

This section had been left to the last and the people had had time to save themselves with Arab neighbors. The old synagogue which sits deep in the gloom of its domed ceiling must have been the scene of a very ecstasy of madness and desecration. The central platform had been chopped up. The scrolls destroyed. The doors of the *Oron Hakodesh* torn from their hinges. The books torn to bits and scattered about the floor. The synagogue sat in her gloom and nakedness as if she had been robbed of her womb. I picked up a leaf of the Psalms and read from a dry yellowed page written in old Hebrew the Thirteenth Psalm.

"How long wilt thou forget me, oh Lord, forever?"

I wound back through the ghetto. Our auto was loaded. Beds, mattresses, chairs, tables, heaped high on the roof of the bus, and kitchen utensils, cheeses, jams, trunks and boxes inside. The little girl, who had been carefully putting together all her treasures, pieces of colored cloth, handwork, dresses, was now tearfully hunting for a place to put her pack. There were still some things to pack, but I wanted to examine the houses of the upper city, so I gathered my courage and walked alone through the Arabs to the newer part of the city.

I went into the police station to look around. One of the Yeshivah boys was explaining: "Here we were all gathered afterwards and here we lay in dirt and blood for three days, practically without food and drink. Once they brought us coffee and bread, but when we heard that the food was from the Hebron municipality we refused to eat it. Monday, when the bodies passed by on their way from the Health Office to the grave, we all rushed up to the roof and there raised a cry of lamentation that split the heavens. 'Pour your wrath upon them, God, revenge us!' we cried."

**I** LEFT the police station and walked up the street past the Hadassah hospital to the Jewish section where most of the slaugh-



ter had been done. Many of the auto buses were here. People were running in and out of the houses, packing frantically and fearfully, and now and then letting out a cry when a new sign of destruction came to their sight. Some who were almost finished stood in groups, recalling the horrors, explaining how everything had happened.

In one house a Sephardic woman was telling how "the little girl who was hidden under the bed there saw it all, everything with her own eyes, saw them strip off her sister's clothes and, when she begged for mercy, cut her belly open."

Another in the street was saying, "I crawled up the window you see over there, where I could look down and see everything. I had gotten a good knock on the head, so I could just barely get there. Just when I looked out I saw two boys run out of the house, to this spot. They grabbed hold of the policeman's horse, and before his eyes and before my eyes they were butchered. Here they've washed off the stains, curse them, but you can still see how the blood was spattered about in the fight."

As I walked toward Eliezar Dan Slonim's house I recalled the story Minnah Urlanski had told me:

"On Thursday, the 22nd of August, we came to Hebron. We were waiting for my sister and her husband to come from Tel-Aviv for a family gathering over the Sabbath at the house of my brother-in-law, Eliezar Dan Slonim. There was an unusual movement among the Arabs in the street."

How that contrasted with the dead quiet now, the deliberate listlessness of the Arabs, the long line of shut shops and broken windows staring blindly into the street.

"On Friday morning, we saw autos full of Hebron Arabs armed with all sorts of terrible weapons leave for Jerusalem. In the afternoon when we heard the first news of the situation in Jerusalem there were bands of Arabs at every corner shouting, 'Slaughter the Jews!' Eliezar Dan was busy running from one end of the town to the other, from the District Officer to the Police Chief and from these two to the chiefs of the Arabs.

The officials quieted him. They assured him there would be nothing. 'Perhaps the youth will throw a few stones, nothing more.' In the meantime the threats and noise grew louder and a bloodthirsty mob flowed toward the Yeshivah. There they murdered the *Mathmid*. Eliezar Dan and one of the chiefs of the Arabs who was a good friend of his, Nasar El Deen, went right down into the Arab quarter and brought up the family Goredinsky. On Friday the Arabs still treated Eliezar with respect. He was after all one of the principal men of the town, the head of the Hebron bank, the son of the Chief Rabbi and a friend of the Arabs."

A day or two after the slaughter the Arabs requested that the bank in Hebron be reopened.

"Many of the boys from the Yeshivah came to our house because they felt that there they would be safe. Several families also came to us, the family Viansky, the family Sokalaver and others. At 5.30 we received a telegram from my sister in Tel-Aviv saying 'Journey postponed. No autos to Jerusalem!' We felt the danger coming nearer. The Arab chiefs came to reassure us. For our greater safety two of them promised to sleep at our door, Nasar El Deen and Yako El Habbuie. The house-owner, Giddui, who lived in the flat below us, would often come in to reassure us. In his house, he said, nothing could possibly happen to us. He would take everything on his responsibility. At midnight twenty more of the Yeshivah boys came to our house."

HERE was the Slonim house before me. Down this road the Yeshivah boys must have stolen fearfully, and up from that side road where I knew several of them lived and from the house across the street from a window of which I had often heard the loud Talmudic bickering and the chanting voices. This middle door on the ground floor was the entrance to the flat of the house-owner, Giddui, who had promised to keep the inmates safe. These steep steps on one side led to Slonim's house and on the other side was a doorway opening to another stairway



to his rooms. The house, like most of the Jewish houses which had suffered, was on the main road, the road that leads to Jerusalem, that leads to the police station, that leads to the Government House—as one of the refugees had repeated to me in a continual refrain after the recitation of each murder.

"We passed the night in terror. The assurances of the Arabs in the house did not help. Our hearts presaged evil. Saturday morning at seven o'clock Eliezar Dan still managed to go to the houses of the Jews and tell them what the situation was. He begged them to lock themselves up in their houses. No sooner had he reached home than we heard a terrible tumult in the street. When we looked out we saw a sea of raging savages below. They were brandishing daggers, swords, clubs and iron bars."

In the street now the refugees were piling the last pieces of their property on the buses. Opposite the Slonim house in front of what had been a hotel, a crowd of Jews had gathered about an Arab woman. To each one that approached they repeated the story of how she had saved twenty-three people by bringing them into her house. People looked at the thin worn face of the Arab woman with awe. And she stood among them quietly, seeming almost unaware of their gaze. I crossed back to the Slonim house. Here the seething masses must have poured through the streets, breaking doors, climbing through windows, onto roofs and balconies.

"We hung a weak hope on Naser El Deen and his friend who were still with us. The house-owner and his family disappeared from the house when they saw the savages afar. When the horde was below us Nasar El Deen and his friend went out to them: 'To quiet them and to protect you from outside,' they told us. As soon as they had withdrawn the savages fell on the house."

On the one side they evidently had not been able to break in. On the other they had broken the lower door and rushed up the steps. Next to the stairway was an old tree which hung over the house. Here tens of Arabs had climbed up to the roof and from there effected their entrance to the house.

"Eliezar put his weight against the breaking door and tried to hold back the infuriated mob. He called to them. He called several by name. When he could hold the door no longer he backed away from it and with a revolver he shot one shot into the air."

Jew that he was, to have shot into the air!

"A heavy blow from a club knocked the revolver from his hand. At that moment Gorsansky, his mother, the ten-year-old brother of Eliezar, two of the Yeshivah boys, and I, hid ourselves back of a bookcase in one of the rooms. As soon as we had hidden we heard Eliezar's cry, 'Jews, help!' I heard him fall heavily at the feet of his wife, my sister Hannah. The cries of those being murdered, butchered, mutilated, paralyzed the brain and froze the blood. There was a small crack in the bookcase. Through it I saw one of the savages raise a club to smash my father's head. My father was covered with his *talith*. He lifted his hand for mercy just as the club crushed his skull. I was about to scream when one of the Yeshivah boys stuffed my mouth with a rag and blinded my eyes."

I WENT into the house, into the room where Minna Urlanski and the others with her had hidden. There was the bookcase, a large case with glass-paned doors. Here was the small crack through which the girl must have peered when she saw her father slaughtered. A few books had been thrown out of the case and some of the panes of glass broken. In the middle of the room lay a *talith*, white-and-black-striped. It must have covered the old man from head to foot. Now it was clotted as if the whole of it had been dipped in blood.

"The slaughter continued for about ten minutes. Then we heard them ransacking the house, looting, plundering, breaking what they could not carry with them. An Arab approached the bookcase with an axe. He knocked out the glass and pulled out some books. He raised his axe and was about to break the case when one of the toys of the children caught his eye and he ran to seize it. When the savages had withdrawn from



the house we came out of our hiding place. How can I tell you what met our eyes? My hair stood on end and I felt a choking in my throat as if all my intestines were about to push out of my mouth. The floor was heaped with murdered and wounded who lay in a sea of their own blood.

"Eight people came out of the bathroom where they had hidden themselves. A few arose from the heap of murdered where they had been covered by the dead and saved. We began to care for the wounded. Schlomo, the thirteen-month-old baby of Eliezar, was wounded in the head and hands. The little one had fainted and we revived it. Aaron, his brother, cried bitterly and groaned."

On a table which seemed to have escaped the notice of the Arabs was a large picture of this child Aaron, the son of Eliezar, who died of his wounds in the Hadassah hospital. Next to the picture lay a neatly pressed pair of blue trousers, which had evidently been laid out for the Sabbath. They were spotted with blood. "In the corner of the room, woe to me, I found murdered all my dear ones. My father, the Rabbi Urlanski, and my mother, the dear innocent ones, may their memory be blessed, Eliezar Dan and his wife Hannah. My father's head was split open, his brains oozed out, mixed with his blood and spilt on my dear mother and on his *talith*."

The whole floor was black with dried blood stains. There were splatterings of blood on the wall and on the ceiling. Sheets were soaked with blood, chairs and tables chipped to bits, books, letters, paper torn

and scattered, drawers turned over, heaps of feathers in the bedrooms, broken children's toys, food and crockery scattered in the kitchen. In a corner of one of the rooms lay the stomach of a man who had been disemboweled.

"Later when we were brought to the police station Nasar El Deen came to ask about the welfare of Eliezar. When he was told that Eliezar was dead he began to weep and cried, 'Ah, Hawadja Slonim, to think that you too were killed.'"

WHEN I got back to the police station most of the autos had already gathered there. They were piled so high with furniture that the buses looked small and disproportionate under their loads. The refugees were excitedly making their last preparations to leave. I walked around to the side of the police building. Through the barred windows of the jail on the ground floor I saw the prisoners, many of whom had been identified as among the chief murderers. A pockfaced moron grinned at me. A dirty-bearded, imbecilic face leered out of the window. A noble-miened graybeard shouted to the leering one to turn away. Who knows whether the noble-miened graybeard or the imbecile had murdered more Jews?

It was about noon. Suddenly they all stood up. The graybeard stood apart at their head. They spread their mantles upon the ground, faced the east and fell on their faces. And fervently they prayed to the almighty Allah and to his revealed prophet, Mohammed.

*The third and concluding section of "In the Wake of the Attacks," by Mr. Robbin, describing the scene in the Emek, will appear in the next issue.*